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SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.*

Mr. Symonds's two volumes contain an amount of historical information, literary and art criticism, and descriptive writing concerning the classic lands of Southern Europe, which can nowhere else be found within the same compass. The author is an English scholar who has devoted himself to the study of the Italian Renaissance with an enthusiasm that is without a parallel among his countrymen; and the series of works he has put forth within a few years, on this theme and the literature of ancient Greece, have won for him a distinguished reputation as a thinker and writer. The present volumes consist of a series of essays, most of which first appeared in periodical form, and after being published in a couple of separate volumes, have now been brought together and re-arranged with a

* SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN SOUTHERN EUROPE. By John Addington Symonds. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

view to whatever connection may exist between the various topics of which they treat. Although differing widely in their titles, the essays are quite intimately related; and the English reader has not within his reach, in any one work, so instructive a presentation of the places, the men, and the products of that great movement of Italian society in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which for want of a better name we call the Renaissance. The list of subjects treated by Mr. Symonds is of the most varied character, and there is hardly an important event, a great name, a famous work of art or literature, a spot celebrated for its beauty or associations, which does not find some mention in his delightful pages. Extended works have been written by recent Italian scholars on many of these subjects, but from none can such real and vivid pictures of the life and manners of the period be found. Mr. Symonds is not a mere cataloguer of names and dates. He is gifted with a powerful and brilliant imagination which enables him to realize the past with the insight of the poet—to reproduce in all their original intensity the stirring history of the mediæval cities, the tragic episodes of Church and State, the glorious enthusiasm of the humanists, and the love of beauty that was fostered alike by princes and people. It would be impossible to name a writer who has so fully comprehended all the elements which enter into the history of Italy at that period. He knows every foot of the ground on which the drama was enacted; he is familiar with every church, palace, street, where the men and women worshipped, lived, and walked; he moves freely among the scholars who gathered in academies to discuss Plato, the architects, sculptors, painters, who adorned the cities with their splendid creations, the poets who wrote verses that formed the models for the poetry of the modern world; and he has penetrated to the psychological

causes which explain the startling social phenomena that appeared so suddenly in every part of the Italian peninsula. So many-sided is his culture, so wide are his sympathies, that no fact escapes his watchful observation and no experience lies beyond the power of his emotions to reproduce.

The learning of Mr. Symonds is not the least part of his claim to recognition. One cannot open these volumes at any place without being struck with the extent and accuracy of his erudition. It is plain that his studies have been of the most pains-taking character. At the same time it must be understood that he is a scholar of quite unusual grasp of intellect. He has the ability to form comprehensive generalizations; and there is an informing power in his historical writing which lifts his readers above the confusing currents of social action, and enables them to seize the orderly development of the principles that regulate the evolution of a nation's life. The second essay of this series, "Florence and the Medici," is an admirable example of condensed historical statement. We get all the important details of the process whereby this remarkable family gradually destroyed the constitution of the greatest of the Italian Republics; but these details are so marshalled that, although we have only an outline sketch, the whole movement stands revealed in the light of the causes which made the final outcome inevitable. It is this quality of Mr. Symonds's mind that distinguishes him in so marked a degree from most writers of his class. He deals in ideas as well as facts. He combines with the patience to accumulate knowledge the power to organize it. Hence, his judgments, whether in history or criticism, have all the value of an induction, and serve the purpose of a law by which our own opinions may be measured.

The critical faculty of Mr. Symonds is of the highest order. His "Greek Poets" must be ranked among the best critical work that has been done during the present century, and the volumes under review are not wanting in examples of the same rare ability. The essays on "Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance," "The Debt of English to Italian Literature," "Lucretius," and his discussion of the structure and history of "Blank Verse," are models of expository criticism. Mr. Symonds is extremely sensitive to the beauties of poetical composition. Whenever he speaks of

poetry, it is apparent his own experience goes further than a knowledge of the laws that regulate its expression. He shows himself possessed of that depth of feeling and that sense of the beautiful in life and nature which are the sources of the poet's most inspired utterances. We are not surprised, therefore, at the grace and finish of the numerous translations which are scattered through his studies of the Italian poets. And these translations are not the least valuable part of the book. He has given us a complete version of the "Orfeo" of Poliziano, which will be welcome to those who do not read Italian. In the Appendix there are eight sonnets by Petrarch, which are rendered with an elegance that goes far in communicating the tender feeling and refined expression of the originals. His examples of the popular lyrics of the Renaissance evince how bright is his fancy, and how thorough his mastery of the spirit and freedom of this species of Italian poetry. The strong poetical tendencies of Mr. Symonds appear in all his writings, and we feel certain that if he chose he could himself produce verse that would hold no unworthy place among the best which the current literature of England affords.

It would be a serious oversight not to call attention to Mr. Symonds's criticisms on Italian art. He has written a separate volume on "The Fine Arts" in the series of volumes on "Renaissance in Italy"; and in the "Sketches and Studies" there are several essays devoted to the same subject, which will prove to many readers the most valuable portions of the work. For extent of knowledge and brilliancy of exposition, he has but one superior as a writer on Art in the English language; and it is praise enough for any man to give him a place second to John Ruskin. The student who wants to know something more of the Art of Italy than is necessary to distinguish schools and styles, will find in Mr. Symonds a sympathetic guide and teacher, capable of furnishing material for substantial culture. The study on "Parma" contains the finest estimate of Correggio with which we are acquainted, and that on "Antonino" is an example of a kind of art-criticism in which Mr. Symonds has but few rivals.

The style of Mr. Symonds is so striking that it will doubtless attract attention before any other quality of his writing. He has the command of a rich and flowing vocabulary, which never fails to respond to the demands he makes

upon it. As with the great English writer already named, his style requires the most impassioned language for the expression of his thoughts and feelings. In the presence of nature, Mr. Symonds, like Ruskin, glides into poetic diction, and the most brilliant colors of the scene lose none of their splendor in passing through the words with which they are painted. The glowing enthusiasm of his picturesque language is contagious, and we become sharers in the power and beauty of the author's mind.

We have spoken in high terms of these volumes; but we are confident that no one who finds his way through their pages will wish to put a lower estimate upon them. They are the work of a highly cultivated scholar; but of a scholar who knows how to render his learning available for the benefit of others less privileged. No reader who cares for good literature need fear that these "Studies" are too difficult for him. He will find more pleasure in them than in a whole library of the so-called "popular" books that are so abundant. Indeed, we believe that Mr. Symonds would long ago have been well known to a large circle of readers in this country, had not the high price of the original editions of his various works placed them beyond the reach of the general public. A year ago Mr. Holt reprinted the volume on "The Fine Arts" mentioned above. Within a few months the Messrs. Harper have issued his "Studies of the Greek Poets" in a couple of neat volumes; and they have now added these two handsome volumes of "Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe." If they will next give us his brilliant and instructive work on "Dante," they will place the lovers of good books under a further obligation to their taste and enterprise as publishers.

JAMES MAC ALISTER.

DANGEROUS TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LIFE.*

This book is remarkable in various ways, and its author, whoever he is, is sure of the respect of his readers for his candid, humane, intelligent and honest qualities. He has evidently studied human life with a cool head and is acquainted with its undercurrents as well as its expression in conduct and character, and

he tells what he knows and believes with a directness and simplicity which command an attentive hearing. The topics on which he writes are of themselves peculiarly attractive to persons of a reflective and benevolent disposition. "Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," "Three Typical Workingmen," "Working Men's Wives," "The Career of a Capitalist," "Study of a New England Factory Town," "Preaching," "Sincere Demagogy," are subjects that involve discussion of what is most serious and significant in the social, industrial, and religious phenomena of to-day. The author has made a profoundly interesting but not an inspiring book. While its motive is unquestionably humane and its teaching instructive, its pessimistic spirit is pronounced though not offensive. One is inclined, perhaps, to resent some of its statements as unjust and exaggerated; but, upon consideration, grounds will be discovered for their truthfulness, at least within certain limits. It is a sight of deplorable aspects of life, which the author lays bare with an unsparing hand, without a view of what counterbalances and modifies the facts, that produces depression on readers of a susceptible and generous temperament. No doubt actual examples could be cited to sustain every indictment which is brought against our American life, but it is doubtful whether certain bad features are so prevalent as our author supposes. There are some who are doing effectual service for their fellows, perhaps a good many excellent and devoted persons, who need for their continuance in benevolent work the stimulus of a bright side. To such, a book like this would be discouraging. Still, it does not sour; it does not beget misanthropy. It excites pity, sympathy, regret, apprehension; impresses vigorously the importance of right methods of reform, but does not leave one very hopeful or with much confidence in any radical improvement in the future. Notwithstanding this, it is well the book has been written. Such a searching and remorseless knife ought to be laid at the root of our ignorance, vanity, conceit, and shams. "Dangerous tendencies" must be clearly seen and keenly felt before a remedy for them will be attempted. It is an advantage when one who is familiar, like our author, with certain phases of American life, speaks without heat, without affectation, and without dogmatism, in the interests of righteousness. The chapter on

* CERTAIN DANGEROUS TENDENCIES IN AMERICAN LIFE, and Other Papers. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Preaching" is one that has received deserved attention in intelligent circles, and in the main is exceedingly well considered, discriminating and valuable in its suggestions and criticisms. The literary quality of the work is excellent. One reads on eagerly without thinking of the style at all, unless he begins to wonder wherein is the charm that holds him so closely to the vital matter of the volume. This is proof enough of good writing. The papers which comprise this work, perhaps it is hardly necessary to say, are reproduced from the pages of the "Atlantic Monthly," and are among the most timely and powerful that have ever appeared in that influential magazine.

H. N. POWERS.

A ROMANCE OF THE DESERT.*

"Homo Sum," like "Uarda" and "The Princess," by the same author, is a novel for thoughtful people to read. It traces the history of an anchorite who voluntarily bears the punishment due to another, and whose innocence is made to appear only at his death and by the confession of the real culprit.

"There was a peculiar fascination," says the author, "in imagining what the emotions of a soul might be which could lead to such apathy; to such an annihilation of all sensibility; and while the very deeds and thoughts of the strange cave-dweller grew more and more vivid in my mind, the figure of Paulus took form, as it were an example, and soon a crowd of ideas gathered round it, growing at last to a distinct entity, which excited and urged me on till I ventured to give it artistic expression in the form of a narrative."

It is matter for profound gratitude that Prof. Ebers yielded to this "fascination" and gave "expression" to the thoughts which crowded in upon him. Paulus, the hero of his story, is a native of Alexandria; a rich and well-instructed heathen. On becoming a Christian he gives up his fortune to a brother and sister, in order to lead the life of a hermit on Mount Serbal, the mountain upon which Lepsius and many other German scholars think that Moses received the Law. The events described in the story take place in the beginning of A. D. 380, at least twenty years before "the beginning of

organized Christian monasticism." The scene of our hero's life in the Sinaitic peninsula is described in the opening sentences of the book:

"Rocks,—naked, hard, red-brown rocks all round; not a bush, not a blade, not a clinging moss such as elsewhere Nature has lightly flung on the rocky surface of the heights, as if a breath of her creative life had softly touched the barren stone. Nothing but smooth granite, and above it a sky as bare of cloud as the rocks are of shrubs and herbs. And yet in every cave of the mountain wall there moves a human life; two small gray birds, too, flit softly in the pure light air of the desert that glows in the noon-day sun, and then they vanish behind a range of cliffs which shuts in the deep gorge as though it were a wall built by man."

It is high praise to be able to say that the book is full of outline sketches like this, and that all the characters introduced are clearly and sharply defined.

Two of the cave-dwellers—Stephanus, formerly a soldier from Antioch, and of high rank, with his son Hermas, a youth of twenty years, are the associates of Paulus, and in their religious experience are made to show the weakness and folly of asceticism. The interest of the story is heightened by the contrast between the hard unnatural life of the anchorites, into which the world, with all its passions and sins, persists in coming, and the sturdy, honest, unpretentious, helpful piety of the senator Petrus, and his wife Dorothea, who dwell in the city of Pharan, which is in the oasis at the foot of the mountain, and the place where the hermits obtain their supplies. It is through this family that the love-element, without which even a fourth-century story would be incomplete, and to which even the anchorite heart is susceptible, is introduced. We greatly mistake if the reader is not charmed with Polykarp, the sculptor, who finally marries the beautiful Sirona, child-widow of Phœbicius, the Roman Centurion.

The style of the book is simple and natural. Upon the whole, the translation is well done, though in places the German origin of the book is betrayed. With the publisher no fault can be found.

It may not be amiss to add that Prof. Ebers is one of the best living Egyptologists, and that his works in this department command universal respect in Germany. His novels are the fruit of his severer studies, and are designed not only to teach pleasing and healthful lessons in the philosophy of human life, but to make all intelligent readers acquainted with the manners

*HOMO SUM: A Novel. By Georg Ebers, author of "Uarda," etc. From the German, by Clara Bell. New York: William Gottsberger.

and customs of the distant period which they describe. For those who have not read these novels there is a rich treat in store.

EDWARD F. WILLIAMS.

SMITH'S CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY.*

This really great and valuable work, the second volume (E—H) of which comes fresh from the press, belongs to a series of Dictionaries on the Bible, on Greek and Roman Geography, Antiquities, Biography and Mythology, and on Christian Antiquities. When three forthcoming volumes are added, the set will consist of fifteen octavos, with about 16,000 closely-printed pages. Our regret is that they do not cover the periods this side of the ninth century. The previous cyclopædic works of the chief editor have won such recognition as standard books of reference, that we might safely take this new one on trust. He and his co-editor, Professor Wace, reasonably hope that "this Dictionary may serve to remove a reproach which has not unfrequently been cast upon Protestant learning," and that it "will supply a greater mass of materials for the history of the early centuries of the Church, together with a more complete application to them of the resources of modern learning and criticism, than is anywhere else accessible." We shall not deny their claim that it is, "at least in design and effort, the most important contribution to Church History which has been made for many years." Its articles are credited to more than one hundred and thirty writers, among whom are the quite familiar names of Sheldon Amos, Walter Besant, Bishops Ellicott and Lightfoot, G. F. McLearn, De Pressensé, Philip Schaff, Prof. Stubbs, and Canon Westcott.

There is a wealth of profitable learning in the work. It ranges far outside of Biography, which alone is no barren field. It presents to us most of the personal and literary, and very much of the dogmatic and ecclesiastical, life of the Church during the first eight centuries. We do not, however, find many doctrines described under the technical designations now common. They must be sought under such

words as Docetæ, Ebionism, Gnosticism, Faith, Monarchians, Arianism, Athanasius, Apollinarianism, Eutychianism, Christology, Church, Creed, Baptism, Eucharist, and Eschatology. An index of special doctrines would increase the value of the work.

The literary and critical element of this Dictionary may be seen in such articles as are under Apologists, Apostolic Fathers, Epistle to Diognetus, Clementine Literature, Fathers, Gospels Apocryphal, and Hebrew Learning among the Fathers. We find articles on Buddhism and the Essenes, but look in vain for Brahminism and Druidism. If occasional quotations in Greek and Latin, as are seen under Eternity, Eucharist, Excommunication, and Faith, were translated, they might benefit more readers. There are sketches of the Armenians, Coptic Church, and Ethiopian Church, but we find none specially on the African, the Greek, and the Roman Churches. We do not find British, nor Anglo-Saxon, nor English Church, and yet it seems true that "Special and minute attention has also been paid to the Church History of England, Scotland, and Ireland; and this branch of the subject has, it is hoped, been worked out with a thoroughness never before attempted." And we find the material of early British history under such names as Augustine of Canterbury, Ethelbert, Bertha, Dinooth, Columba, Aidan, Colman, Ceadda, or Chad, Cuthbert and Egbert. One valuable feature of the work is that it is written from a more English point of view than are the cyclopædias of Hertzog, Wetzer, and Welte.

The biographical articles are not reprints, nor reconstructions of those under the same names, so far as they occur, in the Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography. This may be seen by comparing the sets of sketches, on leading men, in the two works. The older sketch of Athanasius covers scarcely four pages; in this new work he receives twenty-three pages, and his biography is written by a different author and in an entirely different method. The proportions and the treatment are similar in the duplicate accounts of such men as Ambrose, Augustine, Basil, Chrysostom, and the eminent Gregories. We do not perceive any good reason for adhering to the ancient forms of names; or, if Ambrosius, Cyrillus, Gregorius and Constantinus be given, why not Chrysostomos, and Carolus Magnus, or Karl der Grosse? We here have Charles

*A DICTIONARY OF CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE, SECTS, AND DOCTRINES: FROM THE TIME OF THE APOSTLES TO THE AGE OF CHARLEMAGNE. Being a continuation of the Dictionary of the Bible. Edited by WM. SMITH, D.C.L., and Rev. PROFESSOR WACE, M.A. To be completed in 4 vols. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

the Great, according to the latest fashion. Why not have George rather than Georgius, which is here applied to over one hundred bishops, and twenty-six other men?

It is often striking to find a certain name, long before surnames came into vogue, applied to so many persons living in an age. If Church History were so written as to include all the men who bore the name of Eusebius, what human memory could endure the strain? Here are more than one hundred and thirty-seven of them, all but about thirty living in the two centuries from 300 to 500! Seventy-seven pages of fine type are devoted to them. Fortunately for our mental powers, most of them figured little in history, and are despatched in a few lines. The two best known are Eusebius of Cæsarea, "the father of Church History," worthy of the forty-six pages accorded to him, and of the defence made for him by Bishop J. B. Lightfoot; and Eusebius of Nicomedia, who is not worthy of more than the six pages written on this prelate courtier by Dr. Reynolds. There were more great men among the eighty named Gregory. Felix was the name of two hundred and thirty-six men who are not of such blessed memory as to receive here, all together, more than twenty-four pages of tribute. At first one might think too much space is given to persons of no historical eminence, but the editors well say that, "though many such names may be insignificant in themselves, they are frequently of considerable importance in determining critical difficulties which arise in respect to the greater personages." We recall the effort made to clear up certain difficulties by finding two Wyclifs and two Calvins.

It is pleasant to meet here the old navigator, Cosmas (550), who became a studious monk, and in his scientific way wrote the "Christian Topography" "to confute the impious heresy of those who maintain that the earth is a globe." We are glad to see our old friend Alcuin duly appreciated as a writer, teacher, and organizer in the educational system of Charlemagne. Where else shall we find a more satisfactory account of Chrodegang, the organizer of the Augustinian canons, to which order Luther long afterwards belonged? In his dark age a similar reformer was Benedict of Aniane, whose "character strongly resembles that of the founder of Wesleyanism." In the same period, Ethelhard of Canterbury tried to do

some good in the wretched world. We like to meet such men in mediæval history, and they are justly recognized in these columns.

Record is made here of many men who were not Christians. We have portraits of the Roman Emperors, Ammonius Marcellinus, Apollonius of Tyana, Celsus, Attila and the strange legends about him, Epictetus, the slave who became a philosopher, and Boëthius, who is not here regarded as certainly a Christian, but whose philosophy was affected by Christianity, and had an influence upon the thoughts of kings and churchmen in later ages. And now we place two volumes of this splendid Dictionary on our book-shelf as one to be consulted often and satisfactorily on the various subjects of which it treats with remarkable candor, thoroughness, and impartiality. Our ardent wish is that this monument to British scholarship were completed.

W. M. BLACKBURN.

THE MEMOIRS OF MADAME D'ARBLAY.*

When a reader of modern novels turns to those of the last century, he has something of the same lazy satisfaction and amusement which attends the reading of children's books by a grown person. For this pleasure he need only go back as far as the days of our great-grandfathers. Incredible as it seems, the whole vast fabric of English prose fiction has grown up in all its beauty within little more than a century. "Rasselas" was only written 120 years ago, and "Tom Jones" only about 130 years; yet they are too old to be quite recognizable as the true progenitors of the novel of to-day. "Rasselas" and its class are rather essays, written with a purpose and disguised in a thin garb of transparent fiction; and the novels of the previous style seem to us very dull where they are decent, and not decent always even when dull.

Such tales as Miss Burney's "Evelina," pure in morals and idiomatic in style, are the true parents of the now multitudinous line; from them, with their verbose formality, their pompous dialogue, and their stagey plots, have sprung the whole glorious progeny whose steady advance is illustrated by the witchery of Scott,

*THE DIARY AND LETTERS OF FRANCES BURNEY, MADAME D'ARBLAY. Revised and edited by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. 2 volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

the irresistible caricatures of Dickens, the sweet bitterness of Thackeray, and the fine realism of the later school. It is probably not impossible for a quick reader in a single lifetime to have skimmed through them all—certainly all that are now in print; but what a growth they show from such beginnings! To admire and wonder, at the leisure and patience of our powdered, ruffled, small-sworded ancestors, one has only to toil through the five volumes of "Evelina," and compare it with his own favorite contemporary tale, be it "Middlemarch" or "Lady of the Aroostook" or (more striking still) the "Fool's Errand" or "Famous Victory." The stage itself has scarcely made a greater leap from the "Miracle Plays" to the "Two Orphans."

Reading the Diary and Letters of Miss Burney is a less toilsome way of lifting the curtain of the past, than reading one of the old interminable novels. All the bright young woman's best freshness, her innocent gaiety and her keen powers of observation, she threw into her daily jottings, and these never over-bloomed and went to seed as did her style of writing for the press when she grew older. These inimitable and invaluable pen-photographs of hers are such an old story that it has been of late years almost untold; therefore it is now time it should be repeated for the benefit of those born since the first appearance of the book after the author's death, in 1840, and Macaulay's well-known article on it in the "Edinburgh Review" of January, 1843.

The book begins with the publication of Miss Burney's first novel, in 1778, when she was twenty-six years old.

She was one of the diary-writers and correspondents of a class now, alas, extinct, who tell what happened and what people said, giving even tone and dialect wherever it can add to the vigor and vivacity of the narrative. Her numerous interviews with Dr. Johnson are less flattering but probably more lifelike sketches than Boswell's. Her pictures of Court-life are more realistic and entertaining than Pepys'. Her naïve and artless self-showings as a timid, anonymous girl-authoress, overwhelmed with unexpected triumph, are among the most delightful things in literature. If they had been written for publication they would be inexcusable exhibitions of vanity and exultation, but as mere loving sketches for her dear father and sister, and "Daddy Crisp," it is impossible to

look at them through the mists of a hundred years without a glow of unquestioning sympathy and almost personal love.

To quote from the book is difficult. One would like to repeat all that is said about Dr. Johnson, were it possible. They usually met at the Thrales'. The grand old bear never appeared to such advantage. He evidently had a very tender interest in the "sweet young Miss Burney," considerably more than he would have had in a sour and old Miss Burney. She relates how he took her in his arms, "or rather in his arm, for one would go twice around me." "Dr. Johnson received me, too, with his usual goodness, and with a salute so loud that the two young beaux, Cotton and Swinerton, have never done laughing about it."

Here is a characteristic bit, giving a new suggestion of Johnson's position in society:

"We went to Lady Shelley's. Dr. Johnson again excepted in the invitation. He is almost constantly omitted, either from too much respect or too much fear. I am sorry for it, as he hates being alone, and as, though he scolds the others, he is well enough satisfied himself; and, having given vent to all his own occasional anger or ill-humor, he is ready to begin again, and is never aware that those who have so been 'downed' by him never can much covet so triumphant a visitor. In contests of wit, the victor is as ill off in future consequences as is the vanquished in present ridicule."

Did the gentle diarist know, when she penned that closing paragraph, that she was saying a bright thing? Probably not; she seldom ventures a generalization or obtrudes an opinion in these easy narratives. At the beginning of her lionization she represents herself as only answering in monosyllables and blushes to the adulation offered her—"ready to sink under the table," in confusion, when the great Mr. Burke or the splendid Sir Joshua Reynolds honors her with attention. In truth, all through her career she seems to have shown this humble self-depreciation; and here, doubtless, is to be found the secret of her unmeasured personal popularity; it was because her achievements were greater than the price she set on them: her deserts above her demands.

A sly stroke at a foolish contemporaneous novel-writer is interesting, as suggesting what kind of fun might be made of some of her own more stilted passages by Miss Bronte or George Eliot:

"'Well,' cried Lady Say (to Lady Hawke), 'do repeat that sweet part that I am so fond of—you know what I mean—Miss Burney must hear it—out

of your novel, you know.' *Lady Hawke*.—'No; I can't; I've forgot it.' *Lady S.*—'Oh, no! I am sure you have not; I insist upon it.' * * *

* * * *Lady Hawke* then bent forward and repeated: 'If, when he made the declaration of his love, the sensibility that beamed in his eyes was felt in his heart, what pleasing sensations and soft alarms might not that tender avowal awaken!' 'And from what, Ma'am,' cried I, astonished and imagining I had mistaken them, 'is this taken?' 'From my sister's novel,' answered the delighted *Lady Say* and *Sele*, expecting my raptures to equal her own; 'it's in the Mausoleum—did not you know that? Well, I can't think how you can write these sweet novels! And it's all just like that part.'

About 500 pages in all, or one-half of each of these two full volumes, is taken up with *Miss Burney's* residence in the household of *George Third*, as Second Mistress of the Robes to *Queen Charlotte*. This part of the story is sad for the writer—the victim—but far from uninteresting or uninteresting to the reader. The "Torture Chamber" under the wall of Old Nuremberg is a most interesting show, though we do not love the torturers, nor should we have pitied the tortured if they had entered and remained there voluntarily. Now that time and freedom and common sense have cleared our mental vision and corrected our "moral perspective," we look on with a mixture of amusement and disgust at the spectacle of *Johnson*, *Burke*, *Herschel*, and their like, superseded by a *George Third* and his like; and of *Miss Burney* herself nearly killed by good, dull *Queen Charlotte* and the English nonentities and foreign monstrosities who surrounded her—the truly great overslaughed by the truly little. The saddest part is the weak side it develops and exhibits of the brilliant woman's own character. She cannot too abjectly prostrate and efface herself in the presence of His Most Gracious Majesty or Her Most Condescending Majestyess. Phrases of banal platitude, containing nothing iniquitous or insulting, if uttered by royal lips, are the cause of such adoring gratitude as to inspire a wish to kiss the hem of the august speaker's adorable robe.

"The Queen's dress is finished by *Mrs. Thielky* and myself. No maid ever enters the room while the Queen is in it. *Mrs. Thielky* hands the things to me and I put them on. 'Tis fortunate for me I have not the handing them! I should never know which to take first, embarrassed as I am, and should run a prodigious risk of giving the gown before the hoop and the fan before the neckerchief. * * * She never forgets to send me away while she is powdering, with a consideration not to spoil my clothes

that one would not expect belonged to her high station. * * * She told me she had brought the Queen's snuff-box to be filled with some snuff which I had been instructed to prepare. * *

* * * *The King*. * * * Heaven preserve him! There is something unspeakably alarming in his smallest indisposition. * * *

* I stayed on with this delightful Princess (*Augusta*) till near four o'clock, when she descended to dinner. I then accompanied her to the head of the stairs, saying, 'I feel quite low that this is over.' * * * 'I'm sure so do I!' were the last kind words she condescendingly uttered."

The fair *Fanny's* humor did not desert her at once when she put on the royal livery. She is very amusing, even then, especially during the early portion of her five years' slavery. She tells, among other things, of the attempts of various persons to flirt with her; particularly one most offensive fellow, a chaplain in ordinary or something of the sort, who was warmly disposed to forget, in her society, his own wife and his canonical profession. *Miss Burney* contrives to make us see through the reverend gentleman, although she seems not fully to have done so herself, even when compelled to repulse him and frighten him out of his propriety—or into it—by fear of exposure.

Then she gives a sketch more graphic than charming of the Duke of Clarence, afterward *William Fourth*, uncle to *Queen Victoria*:

"'Pray, have you all drunk His Majesty's health?' 'No, your Roy'l Highness. Your Roy'l Highness might make dem do dat,' said *Mrs. Schwellenberg*. 'O, by — will I! Here, you (to footman); bring champagne! I'll drink the King's health again, if I die for it! Yet I've done pretty well already; so has the King, I promise you! I believe His Majesty was never so well cared for before. We have kept his spirits up, I promise you; we have enabled him to go through his fatigues; and I should have done more still, but for the ball and *Mary*—I have promised to dance with *Mary*.' * * * Champagne being now brought for the Duke, he ordered it all round. When it came to me I whispered to *Westerhaults* to carry it on; the Duke slapped his hand violently on the table and called out: 'O, by —, you shall drink it!' There was no resisting this. * * * Well, God bless the King! Many and many such days may he know."

The rest of the scene was still more rude and insolent—a violent attempt on the part of the royal boor to make them all drunk. And this unconsciously-insulted chronicler was a woman who had already engrafted a new branch on the literature of England!

Miss Burney's works were "*Evelina*," published in 1778; "*Cecilia*," published in 1782;

"Camilla," published in 1796; "The Wanderer," published in 1814; and a memoir of Dr. Burney, her father, published in 1832. She also wrote some plays, only one of which is noteworthy—"The Wiltings"—and that one only because of the sweet gaiety with which she promptly burned it when her father and her "Daddy Crisp" told her it was bad. The natural style she set out with was good, simple and charming; the artificial style she labored to acquire was progressively bad, worse, worst. Her first book was an example; her last a warning. It is our highest tribute to "Evelina" that we love its author, in spite of the Memoirs of Dr. Burney.

Strange to say, this latest of her works is never even mentioned in this edition of her "Diary and Letters," although a biography of the writer is brought down to the time of her death. Some specimens already given illustrate the simple directness of "Evelina" and the Diary. As a contrast (and a warning), observe an extract selected by Macaulay to show how badly she could write in her later years:

"Sheridan refused to permit his lovely wife to sing in public, and was warmly praised on this account by Johnson. 'The last of men,' says Madame D'Arblay, 'was Doctor Johnson to have abetted squandering the delicacy of integrity by nullifying the labours of talents.'"

Miss Burney became Madame D'Arblay in 1793, and in 1795 a son was born. He lived to grow up, but died unmarried, long before the death of his mother. She lived to be nearly 88 years old. The interest of the diary of course flags in the later portion. The closing pages of long biographies, like the closing years of long lives, are only an interrupted funeral procession, wherein are successively consigned to the grave all the characters which gave interest to the opening.

JOSEPH KIRKLAND.

A FAMOUS VICTORY.*

The "literary fellows" who began a few years ago to attract attention as immigrants into the land of politics seem to have gone in to stay. At first they were thought to be mere excursionists. Now they begin to look like *bona fide* settlers. The "literary fellows" are not all literary men, but are all sorts of people, who look at politics as a science rather than as an art,

and contemplate it in the light of history or previous experience. They consider personal and partisan politics desirable only when closely associated with ideas; and look more or less hopefully to the removal of all things like the spoils-system—and its youngest child the boss-system—which help to turn politics from a profession into a trade. This class is permanently associated with public life in all other civilized countries; the association, indeed, is a vital element in civilization itself. And as it was associated with the politics of America also, throughout all of its earlier history, we may fairly look upon the interval during which it has been a reproach in this country to be called a "literary fellow" as an exceptional epoch, perhaps even a phenomenal epoch. And it would seem to follow that the reëtrance of this class into our public life is in all probability a permanent movement.

An interesting sign of the movement is the series of political novels that have lately appeared, including among the better known "The Fool's Errand" and "Democracy." When several clever authors, within a few months, appear with novels about politics, and find clever publishers ready to publish their books, it is pretty clear that there is a large and growing element of the people interested in having politics treated from the intellectual-patriotic side. The latest of these novels—"A Famous Victory"—is not so entertaining a story as "Democracy," but is a more faithful and a stronger picture of salient points of our public life. It has not the same advantage of striking material as "The Fool's Errand," but it has its fairness and realism. It keeps, too, about the same proportion between pure fiction and political statement. It is the book of a man who has something to say to the public about our public life; and he puts it into the form of a novel, it would seem, in order to aid himself in getting a hearing. The political purpose is too controlling to admit as much sentiment as the general novel reader demands. The love-making does not really run through the book, but crops out now and then in spots. The book has, however, plenty of action, and the action is carried forward very rapidly. This of itself gives a vivacity that would keep the interest from flagging. There is a very charming heroine, and now and then the author tenderly and effectively brings her to the front. He has by a few happy and very capable touches outlined an agreeable and lover-like young man.

*A FAMOUS VICTORY. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

But these young people are there because we cannot in a novel get on without them. And it remains true that the book will chiefly interest those to whom the political statement is the main concern. It has a well-defined political theme, and the treatment of it is consistent and steady. The pivotal character is Mr. Brewster, a President of the United States. It is a much better piece of portraiture than that of Senator Ratcliffe in "Democracy." The drawing is judicious, well-informed, and conscientious. To show what sort of occupant we may expect in the White House unless the machine is restrained, unless the legitimate fruit of our present public life is prevented from ripening, is the author's task. Such a task is a worthy one. It is enough to make one shudder to think of what we shall be approaching after we have overthrown that great tradition of the Republic which associates the chair of Washington with immaculate personal honor—or after that chair has become by the force of further precedent the focal point of personal politics, the latest production of the machine.

Nothing could more adroitly represent the anomalous state of parties—their confusion as to principles, policies, and moral tone—than this picture of a politician. He talks and acts with freedom, runs a campaign, then conducts an administration, is a man of individuality, is described apparently without reserve and put into various conspicuous situations, and is of the immediate present; and yet it remains at the end impossible to determine whether he is a Republican or a Democrat. Through how many pages could a writer disguise the party affiliations of an English statesman? or of any other statesman but ours except a Mexican or perhaps a South American? Brewster is a compound of Blaine, Tilden, Ben Butler, and Grant, but is in no respect incongruous. He is not at all an improbable character. "A Famous Victory" is throughout a piece of scrupulous drawing. Its deficiency as a work of fiction lies in its baldness and exactness. The author is absorbed in the political statement, and in connection with the main theme he allows no play to his imagination. The agreeable social side of Washington life, and all of the agreeable and softening lights and shades of the political situation, he does not even refer to. Accordingly the picture itself is sombre. The author has relieved this particular sombreness by the more exciting sombreness of a manufacturing town, with its strikes, mill-burnings, etc. His style,

too, relieves it, which although not always equal in refinement, is sometimes fine and never dull. And his method relieves it, as he never tarries long enough to risk wearying. The author is without doubt one of those "literary fellows" who think it is high time to get rid of the machine in politics, and of that class of public men and possible Presidents which the machine keeps alive. But he treats the subject with soberness and fairness.

FRANKLIN MACVEAGH.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH, in his biography and criticism of William Cowper, which is the latest issue of Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters" series published by Harper & Brothers, has produced a work which may be said to be at once very strong and very weak. Mr. Smith always writes with so much vigor and earnestness, and with such freshness of thought and charm of style, that upon no subject can he be dull or uninteresting; and hence this volume is thoroughly readable and profiting from the first sentence to the last. But it is far from being satisfying. It is not as a critic of poetry or of poets that Mr. Smith has won his fame or displayed his best powers; and the result of the present venture must convince him that there are other fields more suited to his temperament and talents—to his robust individuality and self-assertion, and to that conscious force of personal opinion and that aggressiveness which are qualities better suited to the controversialist or the writer upon political and social topics than to that calm impersonality and self-repression which are demanded for the impartial estimate of a poet's rank and worth in permanent literature. Mr. Smith's disqualifications for such a work as this are not in the direction of a lack of personal sympathy or poetic appreciation, but rather in the possession of too positive convictions of his own in a case in which he is called to be not an advocate but a judge. Many of his allusions to Cowper and his personal misfortunes are very tender, and his remarks upon some of the poems are at once discerning and judicious; but these are the minor and occasional incidents of his work. Through it all there runs the influence of a surprising and fatal prepossession concerning the real value of Cowper's poetry—a prepossession which is as clear and unmistakable as though the words conveying it most distinctly had been placed at the beginning instead of at the close of the book. "In no natural struggle for existence," says Mr. Smith of Cowper, "would he have been the survivor; by no natural process of selection would he ever have been picked out as a vessel of honor." He has been preserved, according to this biographer, because of the influence of a particular religious movement with which he was connected, "with the vitality of which the interest of a great part of his works has departed or is departing." He has been protected as one of "the weak things of this world;" and whenever this shield of pity and

tenderness shall fail, "Cowper will be cast aside as a specimen of despicable infirmity, and all who have said anything in his praise will be treated with the same scorn." It is this wholesale condemnation of Cowper—a condemnation which is only rendered more severe by the tone of apology with which occasional hearty praise of the poet's works is colored—that is the radical defect of Mr. Smith's production, and will cause his verdict to be received with distrust by most lovers of English poetry. Personal favoritism or sympathy, or exceptional circumstances of other kinds, may give a poet contemporaneous popularity; but in the nature of things this popularity can only be ephemeral. The influences and elements which alone can make poetry endure must be in the poetry itself. Time tries all things, and nothing with severer justice than the product of the poet's art; and in this, as in all other things of real worth, "use is the only deed to life that lives." There is among Cowper's poetry much of doubtful value and much that is perhaps frivolous and insipid; but these portions we would not even have heard of at this day, if along with them there had not been much of that which, once possessing, the world does not willingly let die. It is now one hundred years (Mr. Smith's volume, in common with most biographies of Cowper, is lamentably deficient in dates) since the author of "The Task" began to acquire his poetic reputation. In the winnowings and siftings of a century, poets are pretty sure to find their places; and Cowper's fame must at this day be fairly supposed to rest, not upon the pity and sympathy inspired by his sad life, but upon the genuine poetic qualities in his works—in the naturalness and faithfulness of his descriptions of scenery and life, in the purity of his thoughts and language, in his power of delineating the homely incidents of domestic life, in the delicacy and freshness of his humor, and the charming gracefulness of that quality which Mr. Smith rather condescendingly describes as "that which used to be specially called 'wit.'" If the generations that have read the English poets from Cowper's time to this had seen no more in his poetry than Mr. Smith is able to perceive, there would have been no occasion for the latter or any one else to write a volume on Cowper for Mr. Morley's "English Men of Letters."

It is always pleasant to meet old and favorite poems in a new and elegant dress, and to possess in a complete collection pieces that we have long since learned to love as waifs and fugitives of song; and we are sure that the friends of Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard, who for more than a quarter of a century have been familiar with his poems in the magazines and newspapers of the country, and in fragmentary editions, will feel like thanking the Scribners for the very handsome and generous volume in which for the first time a complete collection of Mr. Stoddard's poems has been made. The wonderfully clear and effective portrait of the poet gives an added grace and value to the book; and the rugged, almost patriarchal, head is not only a study in itself, but shows sadly enough how quickly, while we accustom

ourselves to think a poet still young, the frosts of age settle upon his hair. The poems in this collection are nearly three hundred in number, and include the "Early Poems" of 1831, the "Songs of Summer" (1856), "The King's Bell" (1863), the "Book of the East" (1871), and the "Later Poems" of 1871 to 1880. The longest piece in the book is "The King's Bell," which occupies thirty-two of the five hundred pages, while many of the shorter pieces cover but a portion of a page each; and there is as great a variety in style and subject as in length. Mr. Stoddard's poems are too well known, and their merits have been too definitely accorded by the public, to leave any occasion for pointing out here the qualities which have secured this popular recognition. It is cheering to find that the later poems include some of the best ones in the collection, and that several of them—as "History" and "Guests of the State"—evince a strength of thought and a mastery of poetic expression that imply a maturity rather than any premonition of a decay of powers.

THE tendency to caricature in character-drawing which Alphonse Daudet has shown when copying real personages into his novels has been given freer scope, and is, indeed, the essential element of success, in his latest work, "The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon," translated into English which occasionally seems a little "broken," by Robert S. Minot, and published by Lee & Shepard. Daudet's fondness for combining biography with his fiction is also here indulged; and a note to this edition informs us that the work is the exaggerated account of a hero still living near Tarascon. It is in effect a burlesque, a satire, a piece of genuine and irresistible drollery. No reader with a capacity for the grotesque and ludicrous can read without laughter any chapter of this most odd and humorous book. The hero, Tartarin, in whom are combined the characters of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza—the one saying to his imagination, "Cover thyself with glory, Tartarin," the other, "Tartarin, cover thyself with red flannel,"—has a mania for hunting; and though he has never been absent from his native village in Provence, he has so constantly read books of travel and adventure in Africa, and has surrounded himself with such an arsenal of guns, sabres, rifles, carabines, knives, blunderbusses, bayonets, spears, and arrows, that at length he comes to believe himself really a famous hunter, and takes the terrible title of "Tartarin the lion-killer." A menagerie visiting the village rouses his hunting zeal beyond all restraint, and he decides to go to Africa; first making the most tremendous preparations—passing his nights in walking behind the menagerie tent, habituating himself to hear without trembling the lion's roar in the darkness. Arriving at Algeria, which he supposes to be the country of lions, he goes a few miles out of town and watches all night for game, his huge body inclined painfully upon one knee with gun ready, according to directions which he has read in the books of lion-hunters. Towards morning he adopts the ruse of bleating like a kid to attract the hungry beasts; and presently some animal approaches stealthily, at

which he bangs away in the darkness. When daylight comes, he finds himself, not in an open desert, but "in a large bed of artichokes, between a bed of cabbages and a bed of beets," with a dead ass near him, for which he is compelled to make an expensive settlement with the furious old woman who owns the garden. He then buys a camel and sets out for the interior; but this mode of travel is rendered almost intolerable by reason of his obesity. Along with his rotundity of body and his wooden courage, he has certain other Falstaffian qualities; and not the least amusing of his adventures is the love-episode with a "veiled Moorish lady of Algiers," whom he afterwards discovers, to his great disgust, to be a French grisette. His adventures in the interior, where he encounters at last a real lion, are indeed "prodigious"; and under all its extravagance and rollicking humor, the narrative so well preserves an air of candor and probability, that the character seems a real one, so distinct and natural that hereafter it may be said of any one who, afflicted with a similar mania, combines the utmost of vanity and pusillanimity with the least of courage and efficiency, "He is almost as great a hunter as Tartarin of Tarascon."

In making up his compilation of "Ballads and Lyrics" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge has accomplished, though not a perfect, yet in many respects a very neat and serviceable piece of work. In his preface he announces that his collection is intended for the use of school boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen years, and that his purpose has been not merely to furnish such readers pieces that will at once attract and interest them, but also to educate their taste and stimulate a relish for the higher grades of poetry. Hence the collection is widely diversified in character—ranging all the way from such common favorites of boyhood as "John Gilpin" and "Young Lochinvar," to Milton's "Il Penseroso" and Shelley's "Cloud." Perhaps no two tastes would agree as to just what should be included in and what omitted from a collection having such scope and object; and it would seem to be sufficient to expect that the poems should be good ones, in themselves and for the purpose of the book. This certainly appears to be the case; the collection does not of course contain all the good ballads and lyrics of the English language, but it contains so many of them, and has such an abundance of poetic riches, that it would be ungracious to complain that it does not have more. We cannot help wishing that some of the poems were more correctly printed—a matter of the very highest importance in a work like this. Some of the errors are such as "both rhyme and reason mar"; as in Burns's song, "Go Fetch to Me a Pint o' Wine," where the line "It's not the roar o' sea or shore" is printed "the roar o' sea or shore," with a preliminary "But" which does not belong to the line. In some cases the compiler seems to have been unfortunate in the editions of authors from which he made selections, or to have copied from secondary sources, retaining errors which have disappeared from the more recent and approved editions. We doubt if

there is any sufficient warrant for the version given of Campbell's "Mariners of England." Misquotations are liable to occur anywhere, but they should occur last in a reprint of standard poems. The notes attached to the various poems are chiefly biographical; and they would have been more satisfactory had they been wholly so. The characterizations of authors and their works are too brief to be of value, and many of them are so raw and one-sided as to be misleading to the youthful mind—as in the rather summary disposition of such complex and subtle characters as Shelley, Burns, and Poe. Some of Mr. Lodge's estimates of authors read rather strangely, and are scarcely such as intelligent people would care to recommend to their children. Thackeray he declares to be "at the head of English novelists"—with no reference whatever to Dickens or George Eliot; Tennyson is, "with the exception of Robert Browning, the greatest of living English poets"; and Mr. Lowell "has taken the highest rank in American literature as critic, essayist, satirist, and poet." Of Forseythe Willson, whose fine poem of "The Old Sergeant" is fitly included in this collection, Mr. Lodge makes the surprising assertion that "his fame rests wholly on this poem"; notwithstanding Willson's "In State" is included in Mr. Emerson's "Parnassus," and that it is an incomparably nobler poem than the one referred to. We want our children to read good poetry, and there is a rich mine of it in Mr. Lodge's collection; but we do not want them to receive at the same time erroneous and misleading opinions regarding the poems and their authors, and we trust a future edition will eliminate a good many of these blemishes from an otherwise admirable and useful work.

Those who first knew the Scottish preacher, John Caird, years ago, through his admirable sermon on Religion in Common Life, will be very glad to learn what he has to say upon "The Philosophy of Religion," which is the subject of his new work just published in this country by Macmillan & Company. There is a philosophy contained in religion; but the aim of this elegant book, with its clean-cut thoughts, is to introduce the philosophy which concerns religion as a subject of scientific knowledge. The author says, "Religion is that practical solution of the difference between God and man, between the Infinite Spirit and the finite, which it is the problem of that philosophy to explain." His purpose here is not to offer fully the solution, but to show how it lies within the broad domain of philosophy. Conceding that there are distinctive provinces of science and religion, Dr. Caird insists that Nature, finite man, and the Infinite God, are not irreconcilable ideas, but ideas which belong to one organic whole or system of knowledge. There are objections to this view: for example, it is said that "Science deals with nature, religion with the supernatural." These objections are quite fully treated in the first three and in the eighth chapters; and many will think that they are satisfactorily answered in the face of such thinkers as Sir William Hamilton with his law of the Unconditioned, Dr. Mansell with his Limits of Religious Thought, and Herbert Spencer with his

theory of the Unknowable. There is, says Dr. Caird, "a science of the supernatural." If "science is the search for unity," it may not be complete without theology. Religion is not "simply silent reverence for the unknown." To have any true reverence we must be able to say "We know what [whom] we worship." Religion, then, does not rest simply in feeling, intuition and consciousness, but also in truths that may be known; and although those truths come to us by Revelation, they are not excluded from "the all-embracing sphere of Philosophy." Such are the grounds of this author, one of whose purposes is to show "the inadequacy of religious knowledge in the ordinary, or unscientific form," and to this theme he devotes a chapter. In his fifty-two pages on the necessity of Religion, he takes the field, with the chivalry of fairness, against the Materialists. In discussing the proofs of the existence of God, he unfolds "the unconscious logic of religion." He finds in the ontological argument the basis of our whole religious consciousness which he acutely discusses in a separate chapter. Readers will expect such a writer as Dr. Caird to treat ethics with appreciation; and they will find here a thoughtful chapter on the Religious and Moral Life. In the last fifty-four pages he notices the elements which history and philosophy mutually contribute to each other. He maintains that apologists for Christianity cannot wisely sever it from all connection with the religious thought and culture of the ages before Christ. While it meets "the unconscious longings of heathendom" and the hopes of Judaism, it cannot be elaborated from them; it is not the natural outgrowth of heathen and Jewish thought. This fresh and vigorous book deserves an honorable place in the extending library of apologetics.

"The Ode of Life" is the title of a new poem by Lewis Morris, author of "The Epic of Hades," both of which works have attracted no little attention in England, and have been reproduced in this country by Roberts Brothers. The author, who announces in his preface that it is upon this Ode that his hopes of permanent fame are based, explains that it has been his purpose "to overcome the objection to so long a poem of this nature by dividing it into minor odes, distinct from each other, but each finding its place in the consecutive development of the whole; and that in it the Ode, which has such splendid and yet so few representatives in English verse, is carried somewhat further than has hitherto been the case, in the direction of a continuous plan." The poem is of a lofty and pretentious nature, and it must readily be admitted that it has in it much to justify its author's hopes concerning it. The inspiration is unmistakably Wordsworthian; and we do not mean to imply any tendency to imitation, when we note the striking resemblance of many of the finer passages to the great Ode on Immortality. The thought is elevated and noble, and the diction is dignified and suited to the theme. Few minds are readily pleased with the meditative and contemplative in poetry; but Wordsworth's influence is clearly becoming stronger and stronger upon English readers, and this Ode, like the best poetry of the great founder of the school with

which it must be classed, will be found very restful and elevating in those calmer moments of meditation which few poetic minds are without, and which the more highly-colored and feverish verses of the later English schools are quite unable to inspire.

WASHINGTON IRVING—perhaps it is because his legendary stories take their hold on us while we are young—always maintains a personal interest in the minds of his readers. His life was sufficiently like that of other men to keep it within the full reach of human sympathy, and yet it seems like one apart from the ordinary experience of mankind. It had its days of roguery, when his mother could only exclaim, "Oh, Washington! if you were only good!" and later on it had its romance and disappointment, its period of slender income, and then its long and placid season of success and repose. Soon after Irving's death, which took place in November, 1859, William Cullen Bryant prepared a memorial address which was delivered before the New York Historical Society in the following April. Just a year after Irving's death, in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, 1860, Mr. George P. Putnam published his very interesting article entitled "Washington Irving: Personal Reminiscences, by his Publisher;" and now, as an introduction to the "Geoffrey Crayon" edition of Irving's works, of which the two first volumes only have been issued, by G. P. Putnam's Sons, appears an essay on Irving and his works by Charles Dudley Warner, which is beyond question the most satisfactory "biographical and critical study" that has been made of any American author. It was a happy thought to bring these three discourses by Bryant, Putnam and Warner together and publish them by themselves, as G. P. Putnam's Sons have done in the dainty volume entitled "Studies of Irving, by Charles Dudley Warner, William Cullen Bryant, George Palmer Putnam."

"The Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," written by Robert Grant, author of "The Little Tin God on Wheels," and published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, is a bright and pleasing little story, in which, with traces of the mild sarcasm and wit of the author's earlier brochure, are far more vivid pictures and realistic characters. Miss Alice Palmer, the frivolous girl whose story is portrayed in the guise of both narrative and diary, is a New Yorker, an "Idol of Knickerbocker Society," who takes many captives and breaks some hearts among the young men who frequent Newport and Mt. Desert, but whose frivolity fortunately disappears before it has endangered her reputation or ceased to be amusing. The story, too, improves as it advances, and the last chapters are so good one almost regrets the sudden conclusion. The keen analogies and apt contrasts which Mrs. Gatling Gunn discharges into the conversation almost inspire regret that we do not hear more of her fusillades; Mr. Murray Hill, Mr. Manhattan Blake, and others of the young men, are types well known to fashionable society; while the descriptions of Newport are so well done as to suggest a comparison with the picture of the "Gingerbread Fair" in

Daudet's "Kings in Exile." The passages from the heroine's diary are written in a style of true feminine verbosity, so cleverly it is difficult to believe them the product of a masculine pen. The title of the book might possibly deter one from selecting it as a present for a young girl—as the title of Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Bad Boy" prevented its admission into Sunday-school Libraries until it was re-christened plain "Tom Bailey;" but any one who has misgivings upon this point may be re-assured at learning that the story as well as its heroine become very properly sobered in the last chapter, and that the giddy young creature develops into a very sensible and well-behaved woman, with definite and worthy purposes in life.

"HESPERUS and Other Poems," by Charles De Kay (Scribner's Sons), is a handsome and attractive volume, whose chief novelty consists in printing the poem from which the name of the collection is taken, with the table of contents, etc., at the end instead of at the beginning of the book. Many of the poems are not unfamiliar to the readers of magazines in which they have appeared and in which they have attained considerable popularity. The most of them, however, are published for the first time in this collection. Some of the pieces show cleverness in versification, and there are occasionally really poetic fancies and felicities of expression; though taken in bulk, it must be confessed they are rather hard reading, and too labored and stilted in effect to be capable of affording a great amount of poetic pleasure.

THOSE who will soon turn their faces seaward and seek health or relaxation in the salt waves, cannot do better than to include in their preparations a perusal of Dr. John H. Packard's little volume upon "Sea-Air and Sea-Bathing," just published by Presley Blakiston in the popular series of "American Health Primers." It gives in small compass a great deal of matter of practical value, not only upon the general subject of sea-bathing and the advantages that may rationally be expected from it, but upon such important minor topics as accidents, the care of invalids, directions for bathing, the selection of seaside resorts, etc. Chapters upon cottage life at the sea, and the sea-shore as a Winter resort, add to the variety and usefulness of the work.

"ROLLO's Journey to Cambridge," published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, has a very funny cover and many equally funny illustrations and some tolerably funny writing. Fun, in fact, seems to be the object of the publication; and while it is liable to make a good many people laugh mildly, it will prove especially irresistible to "Harvard boys," both old and young, who will appreciate its many local "hits" and pieces of college satire. Its wit is lively and innocuous, and the fiction of connecting it with the "Rollo books" is well sustained by the style, which is an excellent imitation in caricature of that well-remembered series of "highly-moral" tales for the young.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

PRIZES amounting to \$2,000 have been offered by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, for designs for Christmas cards.

THE first four volumes of J. R. Osgood & Co.'s "Memorial History of Boston" will appear in September.

A FINE bronze bust of Thomas Moore was unveiled in Central Park, New York, on the 28th of May—the poet's 101st birthday.

M. ZOLA is at work upon another novel, which is understood to be nearly ready for publication. It will have the title "La Fête à Coqueville."

"AMERICA REVISITED" is the title of an illustrated volume by Mr. G. A. Sala, soon to appear in London, containing descriptions and impressions of his recent visit to this country.

A THOUSAND volumes belonging to the Astor Library, New York, were sent over to London for rebinding last year—the cost of the work, including expenses of transmission, being less than if done in New York.

MR. JOHN H. INGRAM, the English champion of Edgar A. Poe, who denounces the biographies of Briggs and Griswold as "vile libels" on the dead poet, will soon appear in print with another volume in his defence.

THE "New Truth and Old Faith" is the title of an important new book in London, by an anonymous writer who, assuming the truth of the doctrine of evolution, seeks mainly to determine whether or not it is compatible with Christianity.

MR. BROWNING's new volume of poetry, a companion to the "Dramatic Idyls" published last summer, will soon be ready for the press. The titles of the Idyls will be "Echetlos," "Olive," "Muleykeh," "Pietro of Albano," "Pan and Luna."

A NEW weekly literary journal has just appeared in London, with the title of "The Pen." It will give, in addition to criticism, rather full quotations from important works, with reproductions of drawings in cases of illustrated books under review.

AMONG the early publications of Henry Holt & Co. will be Karl Hillebrand's "History of German Thought from the Seven Years' War to Goethe's Death," being the six lectures recently delivered by him before the Royal Institution of Great Britain.

A VOLUME entitled "Journals and Journalism, with a Guide for Literary Beginners," will soon be issued in London. It will contain chapters on "Literary Amateurs," "How to Begin," "In an Editor's Chair," etc., with many technical details pertaining to writing for the press.

THE edition de luxe of Thackeray's works, in twenty-four imperial octavo volumes, with 248 engravings on steel, 1473 on wood, and 88 colored illustrations, has just been completed by Smith, Elder & Co., London. Only one thousand copies of the edition are printed, and each set is numbered.

MR. STRAHAN, the well-known English publisher, will visit the United States during the present month, to ascertain whether American publishers are not

willing to agree to some better compromise than any of the many which have been suggested in this country relative to international copyright.

A MEMORIAL volume of the life, labors, and letters of Elihu Burritt, edited by Charles Northend, will soon be published by Sampson, Low & Co., London. The same firm announce the life and letters of Horace Bushnell, and a volume of critical essays and literary notes by the late Bayard Taylor, edited by Marie Taylor.

MR. JAS. T. FIELDS has in his precious collection of literary curiosities, Leigh Hunt's copy of Boccaccio (printed in 1684), Charles Lamb's copy of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," Southey's copy of Ben Jonson marked by Coleridge, and many other souvenir copies of books; besides original MSS. by Thackeray, Dickens, and Hawthorne.

GEN. C. B. NORTON is engaged upon a new work entitled "The Armies of the World; their Origin, Rise, Progress and Present Condition," illustrated with fifty plates in color, representing the different arms of the service of all nations, and 400 wood engravings of the implements of war from the earliest to the present time.

THE new copyright law of Spain is a very liberal one for authors—protecting their works during life and for eighty years after death. If disposed of by an author during his lifetime, a copyright remains the property of the consignee during the author's lifetime and for twenty-five years after his death, and then lapses for a further period of fifty-five years to his heirs or assigns.

AMONG the more important of the new publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is Richard Grant White's "Every-Day English," composed in part of the philological and critical articles on the use of language which Mr. White has published in the "Atlantic" and other magazines. A new and revised edition of his "Words and their Uses" will also soon be published by the same firm.

It is pleasant to know that the new (and yet old) firm of J. R. Osgood & Co., of Boston, has no notion of confining its attention to the heliotype business, as has somehow become the impression, but will continue publishing as well—its new lists including some of the choicest works which have given the antecedents of the firm such conspicuous and honorable position in the trade.

THE "Undiscovered Country," Mr. Howells's latest story, is to appear in book form immediately. In dealing under the guise of fiction with some of the phases of modern spiritualism, Mr. Howells has chosen a vein and motive quite different from anything previously attempted by him; and the story, when completed, will no doubt be the occasion of a good deal of discussion and comment.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Edwin Arnold's "The Light of Asia," a new poem on the same subject has appeared in New York with the title "Sakya Buddha: a Versified, Annotated Narrative of his Life and Teachings." The author, Mr. E. D. Root, who announces himself as an American Buddhist, says that his poem was nearly completed before Mr. Arnold's

reached him; and that he publishes his work in sincere admiration of the character of the founder of the Buddhist faith.

THE personal characteristics and even the private affairs of authors become in a certain sense the property of the great circle of friends created by their writings; and the affectionate regard felt in this country for George Eliot will make the announcement a welcome one that contradicts the almost incredible report of her marriage to Mr. Cross. It was another Mrs. Lewes who was referred to in the dispatches.

VICTOR HUGO's new volume of poetry, "Religions and Religion," is an attempt to review and characterize the religious dogmas of all times and places, and to show that these are incompatible with what the poet conceives to be the true or natural religion of mankind. It is said to have some very brilliant passages; but a controversial or argumentative subject is not the one to call for the highest display of a poet's powers.

ALMOST simultaneous with the London issue of Louis Kossuth's new work, "Memories of My Exile," will be its publication in New York by D. Appleton & Co. The "Memories" cover the important period of the establishment of the Italian Kingdom, and include many interesting details, hitherto kept secret, of both politics and politicians—among the latter being the Emperor Napoleon and Count Cavour, as well as some prominent English leaders. The appearance of the work will be looked for with no little interest on both sides of the water.

AN "abstruse American dialect" is the delicate euphemism by which the London "Academy" characterizes a work whose style it declares to be so bad that "it is more than doubtful whether any Britisher not given to the study of comparative philology will have patience to read it." It is possible that the "Academy" has not been wholly fortunate in its choice of models from which to prosecute its studies of American literature. So long as its knowledge of writers on this side the water is confined to Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain, it is liable to be somewhat fantastic in its conceptions of the vagaries of the "American language."

THE writer who first asked the question "What's in a name?" would find a curious confirmation of his argument that there is often very little indeed, if he could see, in 1880, a country newspaper in Michigan "edited and published by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE." Only a little less odd is it to find that SAMUEL JOHNSON is at present a "dealer in cotton and woolen rags" in Cincinnati, and that he makes, instead of dictionaries, "graded woolen rags and tailors' clippings a specialty." The editor of "The Atlantic" is not the only star bearing his name; a canvas-covered wain, to be seen daily in our Chicago streets, displaying the enticing legend, "W. D. HOWELLS—Milk."

EVERYONE has heard of those classes of people who buy books by the yard, buy them for their bindings, buy them because some one has said they were the proper thing to have; but the following

book-store conversation reveals a new standard from which to make selections: *Lady*.—"Have you any other book bound in that white and gilt binding, without such religious pictures?" [The book referred to was a collection of steel engravings representing the life of our Savior.] *Clerk*.—"No, madame; it is very seldom we get works so delicately bound." *Lady*.—"Well, now I have seen that, I must find one just like it. I want it for a little girl about two years old. Oh! she is such a lovely little creature—a most perfect blonde; and that would just match her complexion." Next order to publisher:—"Wanted—one book to match a blonde baby."

SOME very curious and interesting discoveries relating to the folk-lore of the native tribes of South Africa have been made by the South African Folk-lore Society, and are coming to the notice of English readers through the agency of the "Folk-lore Journal," published by the society at Cape Town. Many of the native legends are recognizable as crude and savage versions of similar traditions among other and very dissimilar races; and hence these studies have great philological as well as mythological interest. Some of the proverbs of the country—as "The lion which kills is the one which does not roar," and "The first lame is not the first to die," have their counterpart in familiar "old saws" in English and in the wise maxims of other tongues; and the African story of "Little Red Stomach"—a youth who was swallowed by a huge beast which haunted a pool whither the youth, in disobedience of his mother, went to drink, and afterwards cut his way out from the beast's stomach and returned home unhurt, would seem to be a quaint variation of an ancient and familiar legend, one form of which exists in Norse literature and another in traditions of certain Indian tribes of this country.

In writing a preface for a new edition of his early work on "Heat as a Mode of Motion," Prof Tyndall thus defines the relation of scientific studies to other forms of intellectual culture: "On the continent, science leans on the strong arm of the State; in England its advancement must depend upon the sympathy of the public. Hence the supreme importance, in our case, of spreading abroad correct notions regarding its capacities, achievements and aims. The practical triumphs of our day are obvious enough, and they are still frequently spoken of as if they constituted the entire claim of science to the world's attention. To some it seems a kind of handicraft, while others think it is, or ought to be, a mere congeries of facts. But they who regard it thus can know but little of the logic which runs through and binds together that 'System of Nature' which is at once the glory and the responsibility of science to investigate and unfold. Far be it from me to claim for science a position which would exclude other forms of culture. A distinguished friend of mine may count on an ally in the scientific ranks when he opposes, on behalf of literature, every attempt to render science the intellectual all in all. Ours would be a grey world if illuminated solely by the dry light of the understanding. It needs equally the glow and guidance of

high feeling and right thinking in other spheres. But this may be conceded while affirming the just and irrefragable claim of science to a more liberal space in public education than that which it is now permitted to occupy."

A VERY interesting sale of autograph letters and historical manuscripts was held in Boston, May 25th, by Sullivan Bros. & Libbie, at which a document, one page quarto, signed by Napoleon Bonaparte as "First Consul," brought \$5.00; a document one page folio, 1793, signed by George Washington, \$2.70; an interesting letter of Charles Dickens, 3 pages, 1855, \$6.00; a letter, one page, 1696, of Sir Edmund Andras, governor of Massachusetts, \$25.00; a document relative to enlisting soldiers, signed by Gen. Joseph Warren, "Chairman of Com. of Safety," 1775 \$9.75; a letter of Nathaniel Hawthorne's, one page, 1862, \$2.75; one of the copies of the Declaration of Independence, sent to the original thirteen States, a printed broadside 20 inches by 13,—"In Congress, January 18, 1777, ordered, that an authenticated copy of the Declaration of Independence, with the names of the Members of Congress subscribing the same, be sent to each of the United States, and that they be desired to have the same put upon Record," signed by John Hancock, President, and Charles Thompson, Secretary, "Baltimore in Maryland," \$46.00; a letter of Wm. Williams, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, \$20.00; order of exercises of Harvard College Commencement, 1696, \$14.00; an interesting military letter of George Washington's, three pages, New York, 1776, \$16.25; a document signed by Benedict Arnold, 1795, \$4.25; a document signed by Peter Stuyvesant, governor of New York, 1656, \$9.00; a document signed by Samuel J. Tilden, a later governor of New York, *four cents*.

THE thousands of readers who have read and singers who have sung and orators who have orated Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," without once suspecting that it was "gibberish," are now informed by the London "Saturday Review" that such is its essential quality, "if there be any meaning in the English language." Two of the most familiar stanzas of the poem are quoted in illustration:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time:

"Footprints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

These unfortunate stanzas are then passed under the reviewer's pestle, from whence they come out as follows:

"Even if one can conceive of life as a 'solemn main,' bordered by 'sands of time,' how can the mariners on the main leave their footprints on the sands? And what possible comfort can footprints on the sands be to a shipwrecked brother who, despite his shipwreck, still keeps persistently sailing o'er life's solemn main? The brother must have had very sharp eyes if he could see footprints on the sands from his raft, for his ship is supposed to have been wrecked long ago. Perhaps Mr. Longfellow was thinking of the footstep which Robinson Crusoe found on the sand of his desert island. But Robinson was not sailing when he detected that isolated phe-

nomenon; nor, when he saw it, did he 'take heart again.' * * * And the poet tells us 'in the bivouac of life' not to be like 'dumb, driven cattle,' but to be a 'hero.' What an alternative, either to be cattle in the plural or a singular hero! And what business have cattle in a bivouac?"

We do not wish to suggest anything discourteous to the dignified "Saturday Review," but we fear it does not clearly apprehend the drift of Mr. Longfellow's little poem. Especially does it misapprehend the drift of the shipwrecked mariner on the main; and in the main we must concede that it is almost as badly at sea as the forlorn brother before he saw the footprints in the sands. We should allow something, doubtless, to the English writer's distance from the scene of the poem—the sea in which the forlorn brother is wrecked—and to his apparent lack of familiarity with matters of navigation and shipwreck, as well as with the customs of the country. Had Mr. Longfellow supposed his Psalm would ever attract the attention of English and other foreigners, and that it would be regarded by them as of the narrative or epic order, he would undoubtedly have printed it with full explanatory notes for their benefit, as in the case of "Hiawatha." In the absence of these, we know he will thank us if we explain to the "Saturday Review" that it has generally been understood on this side of the water that the mariners on the main left their footprints on the sands, not while they were at sea, as the English critic erroneously supposes, but while temporarily ashore on leave of absence, or hunting clams upon the banks and shoals of time; and that the forlorn brother happened to see the footprints in the sands *because* he was shipwrecked, as the poem states, and blown ashore, and that he took heart again because it seemed good to him to touch dry land once more. In the matter of plural cattle and singular heroes, we doubt whether the dreadful alternative suggested by the "Review" would be any less dreadful if one were compelled to choose between being a cattle and a hero, as the "Review" evidently thinks would be the case; and its subsequent question about bivouacs, and what business cattle have there, tends to discredit anything it might say about cattle anyhow. There is not an ex-soldier or a "cow-boy" in this country who doesn't know why the cattle were there: they were "driven" there, as the poem states, in order, of course, to have them handy for breakfast the next morning. The criticism, as a whole, reveals the true British insight into American affairs and American literature, and is worthy of the powerful and influential British journal which is serene in the belief that Carl Schurz is a member of the "American Senate," that Kallach is the Governor of California, and that Walt Whitman is the only great poet this country has yet produced.

PERSONAL MENTION.

SIR CHARLES DILKE of England is said to have been for some time engaged in preparing a "History of the Nineteenth Century."

M. RENAN has his translation of Ecclesiastes, with critical introduction and notes, nearly ready for the

press. He is understood to be very desirous of visiting this country.

VICTOR HUGO is seventy-eight, yet passages in his new poem are said to show no falling-off in power from the standard reached by his first Odes in 1818.

PROF. JOHN FISKE, of Cambridge, Mass., has just delivered three lectures at the Royal Institution, London, on "American Political Ideas Viewed from the Standpoint of Universal History."

MR. JOHN MORLEY has accepted the editorship of the "Pall Mall Gazette," whose late staff withdrew in a body recently, upon the change of proprietors and of politics by that journal, and now announce a new independent evening paper to be called the "St. James's Gazette."

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT, who died at Rouen, France, on the 9th of May, was one of the most distinguished men of letters and novelists of his day and country. In early life he studied medicine, but at the age of thirty settled down to the work of writing; his financial independence enabling him to produce slowly, and publish sparingly at first. His greatest works are "Madame Bovary," published in 1856, "Salammbô," in 1862, and "La Tentation de Saint-Antoine," in 1874. His death interrupted a nearly-completed work.

MR. EMERSON has entered his seventy-eighth year—his birthday occurring on the 25th of May. It was the occasion of a grand outpouring of Emersonian reminiscences and tributes from old and new friends, including many distinguished men of letters in this country and abroad; all of which are published, with a very striking portrait of Emerson, in the Boston "Literary World." The tribute is a fitting one, and worthy of the man whose influence upon the literary and intellectual life of his time has been profounder than that of any other American.

RICHARD HILDRETH, whose "History of the United States" was noticed in the May number of THE DIAL, is the subject of some very interesting personal reminiscences, kindly sent us by a Chicago lady who was for a long time acquainted with Mr. Hildreth's family: "Richard Hildreth was born in my native town of Deerfield, Mass., in 1807, while his father, the Rev. Hosea Hildreth, was preceptor of the academy there, and he was duly baptized by the Rev. Samuel Willard, D.D., who was then pastor of the one church in Old Deerfield, which had been founded something over a century and a quarter before. These facts seem to have been of some account in the Hildreth family; for when Richard, returning to Boston after his residence in Florida and Demarara, and having won a local fame by his charming story of 'Archy Moore' and various contributions to the magazines of the day, married Miss Caroline Neegus, of Petersham, it was in Deerfield that the nuptial ceremony was performed, and by the same Rev. Dr. Samuel Willard—then venerable by reason of years, but still more so by the blindness which, like that of Milton, had shorn him indeed of pleasure but not of his intellectual strength, nor had it shortened his poetic, musical, or scholarly labors. Richard Hildreth's wife, the youngest of several sis-

ters, inherited her father's artistic temperament, and became a successful miniature painter in Boston, at a time when miniatures were highly prized. Among her distinguished sitters were Ralph Waldo Emerson and Mr. Whittier; and the latter addressed to her one of his most graceful poems—the one entitled, 'To ——— with a copy of Woolman's Journal,' commencing, as I find by reference to the printed volume,

"Maiden! with the fair brown tresses,"

though from my own recollection I should say,

"Maiden! with the nut-brown tresses,"

for, unless my memory is greatly at fault, the line so read originally. *Chestnut* was the precise color of her hair, which was of great beauty. It is to her noble appreciation of her husband's undertaking in writing a History of the United States, that we owe its existence to-day. The brush of the miniaturist was laid aside for the more remunerative crayon, and by her genius and her unflagging industry she relieved her husband of all anxiety concerning his worldly interests while composing his great work, which, as she predicted, 'would make his name and fame dear to his country.' The first edition was embellished by a figure of History with a tablet and style, designed by Mrs. Hildreth. I need not say that her spirit of self-sacrifice was fully appreciated by her husband, for no truer gentleman ever lived, or one more delicately alive to all noble and generous sentiment. His appointment as Consul to Trieste gave Mrs. Hildreth an opportunity to study art abroad; and in our own city of Chicago there is still, I believe, in spite of the fire, a beautiful copy by her, in water colors, of one of Leonardo da Vinci's angels, made for Mrs. William Barry. The best likenesses ever made of Mr. Hildreth was a drawing by his wife; and another drawing by her, worthy of any master, was a portrait of Dr. Willard, the sightless eyes seeming all the more expressive for their blindness. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hildreth died in Europe—he in 1865, at Florence, attended to the last by his devoted wife; and she, not long after, in Naples, where a simple but elegant monument bears witness to the admiration which she excited among her friends. It is seldom that literature or art, certainly when combined, leave a record of domestic life as beautiful in its heroism and its constancy as that of Richard and Caroline Hildreth. I may add that two of Mrs. Hildreth's sisters married and lived in Deerfield, where one of them became the mother of the well-known artist, George Fuller, whose characteristics as a designer are happily commented upon in the seventh number of 'The American Art Review,' with an accompanying engraving from one of his pictures."

E. A. S.

THE LIBRARY.

ONE of the most common errors made by the managers of new libraries is to defer the classification of books. There seems to be a feeling that because they have so few books, numbering it may be only two or three hundred volumes, any classification is unnecessary. They say, Bye and bye, when our shelves are full, and there are more books than the eye can take in at

once, we will do something of the kind; but it is not worth doing now. Those who say this acknowledge that it will be desirable at some indefinite time in the future; they will also admit that while librarians of experience differ very materially in their systems, all have some classification. But classification is really never of greater importance to a library than during the first few years of its existence, when it needs the help of every auxiliary it can call about it; when it is bidding for popularity, making its friends, and gathering around it those who are to be life-long patrons and helpers. And it is just because the librarian does not realize the importance of hard unremitting work during these first few years, that we have to regret the early death of so many organizations which started with a vigorous life. The librarian should be allowed to select the books to be purchased. If he is not capable of doing this, he is not fit to occupy his post. He alone is in a position to feel the public pulse; he alone learns the wants, the likes, and the dislikes of the readers; and he should be as conscientious in his selections to meet these wants as he would be to supply a need of his own. If his books are classified, he is in a position to determine much more quickly the tastes of his readers. A librarian with ordinary observation will quickly discover their preferences and provide something new in his next purchase. This classification is also one of the strongest bids for contributions. The specialist, noticing the absence of works which he has read with delight, and wishing others to partake of his enthusiasm on the subject, transfers books from his own to the library shelves, that others may share in their riches. But the classification is perhaps most useful to the librarian himself, in making his list for purchase. He, like other men, has his hobbies, and left without a guide he is apt to select in accordance with his own personal tastes rather than the wants of the library and its readers. With a system of classification, he scans the book-lists which come to him, selecting those which shall fill the demand thereby augmenting the popularity and usefulness of the institution.

HARVARD College Library, already so rich in elegant folios, has just received from Vienna an elegant folio volume containing forty-two plates of tropical plants executed in chromo-lithograph of unrivalled magnificence. The plants are part of the collection made by the ill-fated Maximilian, when, as an Austrian archduke, he made a scientific expedition to Brazil. The work, which has been many years in preparation, has been peculiarly fatal to those engaged upon it. In addition to the original editor, Schott, who died two years before Maximilian came to his sad end, Kotschy, Reisseck, and Feure, who undertook to complete it, have also died; and it is at length brought out by Dr. Peyritsch.

IN THESE days, when the title Librarian carries with it the idea of an active, busy, literary man, reaching out in every direction to draw the specialist, the workingman, and the school-children into his treasure-shop, and there spreading before them

literary feasts adapted to their every appetite, when "the library" means a light, cheerful, cozy room, and a busy throng eager for knowledge, we view with a smile the attempt recently made to bring out in this country a late English play entitled "The Librarian," whose hero is a small, weazen-faced, bow-backed book-worm, buried in folios, seated in a high vaulted room, whose dust is literally the dust of ages. Truly, times have changed.

THE DIAL is sorry to learn of the trouble which has arisen in the St. Louis Public Library, which probably will result in the retirement of its very efficient librarian. This is but another example of the danger to libraries in placing them under political influences, where they may be considered the spoil of the successful party. It is proposed by the party in power in St. Louis to supply the librarian's place by two associate librarians, representing respectively the German and Irish elements of the party.

THE following is a special list of prominent works selected from the Books of the Month, and arranged in classes according to what seems to be their desirability for library purposes:

I.

Adirondack Stories. P. Deming.
The Golden Legend. Henry W. Longfellow.
Reminiscences of an Idler. Henry Wikoff.
Memoirs of Napoleon. Duchess D'Abrantes.
The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay.

II.

Success with Small Fruits. E. P. Roe.
Science Primer. Introductory. Prof. Huxley.
Some Thoughts Concerning Education. John Locke.
Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe. John A. Symonds.

III.

Life; its True Genesis. R. W. Wright.
The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle.
Alfred H. Huth.

IV.

The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard.
Early Man in Britain. W. B. Dawkins.
Shakespeare's History of King Henry the Fourth.
W. J. Rolfe.
The Life and Work of William A. Muhlenburg.
Anne Ayres.
The Life of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort. Theodore Martin.

THE following from the "Cincinnati Times," is not wanting in humor:

The Judge came down to Cincinnati one day, and the next morning early he went into the librarian's room at the Court-house. He saw a little red-headed man in his shirt sleeves sweeping and dusting about, and going up to him asked when the librarian would be in. "At nine o'clock, sir," was the prompt answer. So some time after nine the Judge came in again, and seeing the same little red-headed man, went up to him and asked if the librarian was in then. "I am the librarian, sir," said the man. "Why," said the Judge, "I was in here before, and you said the librarian would be in at nine o'clock. How does this happen?" and the Judge was in a fair way to get angry. "Oh," said Myers, "then I was only the janitor; now I am librarian."

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

[The following list includes all New Books, American and English, received during the month of May by Messrs. JANSSEN, McCLEUNG & Co., Chicago.]

HISTORY AND TRAVEL.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon. With notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot and Dr. Wm. Smith. 6 vols., 8vo., uncut edges, gilt tops. New edition, uniform with new library editions of Hume, Macaulay, etc. Harper & Bros. \$12.00.

Printed on superfine paper from new electrotype plates, making a very fine edition of this important work, and at a moderate price.

Memoirs of Napoleon. His Court and Family. By the Duchess D'Abrantes (Madame Junot). 2 vols. 8vo. New edition. D. Appleton & Co. \$3.00.

"Gives a more accurate insight into the character of Napoleon than we have found elsewhere. The book will be found one of exciting interest throughout and valuable."—*Inter-Ocean*.

Gleanings from Pontresina and the Upper Engadine. By Howard P. Arnold. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.35.

"Mr. Arnold will lure not a few readers into following him through the picturesque scenes and among the curious people that he describes."

How to Camp Out. By John M. Gould. 16mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenburg. By Anne Ayres. 8vo. Harper & Bros. \$3.00.

The Life of His Royal Highness, the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin. Portraits. 12mo., vol. 5 completing the work. D. Appleton & Co. Per vol., \$2.00.

"The literature of England is richer by a book which will be read with profit by succeeding generations of her sons and daughters."—*Blackwood*.

The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle. By Alfred H. Huth. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00.

"To all admirers of Buckle, Mr. Huth has rendered a welcome service, while to those who have been prejudiced against him, either by his own bold writings or by the unjust treatment he has received at the hands of many critics, and even some would-be panegyrists, they should be of yet greater service."—*Athenaeum, London*.

Cowper. By Goldwin Smith. *Morley's "English Men of Letters" Series.* 12mo. Harper & Bros. 75 cents.

Robert Bales. Journalist and Philanthropist. A history of the origin of Sunday Schools. By Alfred Gregory. 12mo. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$1.00.

A Short Life of Charles Dickens, with selections from his letters. By C. H. Jones. Paper. "Appleton's New Handy-volume Series." 35 cents.

"It tells the story of the great novelist's life in a straightforward, unassuming and honest way, with hearty sympathy with the hero, but without effort to embellish him unnecessarily."—*Independent*.

Hon. William E. Gladstone. A Biographical sketch. By Henry W. Lucy. "Harper's Half-Hour Series." 30 cents.

Life of Charlemagne. By Eginhard. Translated from the text of the Monumenta Germaniae. By S. E. Turner, A.M. "Harper's Half-Hour Series." 20 cents.

ESSAYS AND BELLES-LETTRES.

Sketches and Studies in Southern Europe. By John Adlington Symonds. 2 vols. Post 8vo. Harper & Bros. \$4.00.

"Mr. Symonds is almost the only person who can give in black and white the color, the atmosphere, the story, and the sentiment of Greek and Italian cities, of the ruinous haunts of ancient luxury, of the coasts and enchanted islands of the Mediterranean."—*Saturday Review, London*.

The Diary and Letters of Frances Burney, Madame D'Arblay. Revised and edited by Sarah C. Woolsey. 2 vols. 12mo. Roberts Bros. \$4.00.

These famous "Diary and Letters of Madame D'Arblay" are now presented to the public for the first time in an American edition, and at such a moderate price as to bring them within the reach of all.

The Prodigious Adventures of Tartarin of Tarascon. From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Lee & Shepard. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

The Sciences of English Verse. By Sidney Lanier. 12mo. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

"Mr. Lanier's previous work and the thoroughness of his special study have made him a place among the first authorities to students of English literature."

The Fundamental Concepts of Modern Philosophic Thought. Critically and Historically considered. From the German of Rudolph Eucken, Ph. D. 12mo. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.75.

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